

Left to Die

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Left to Die

by [BloodRedMoonRobin](#)

Summary

Hannibal had met Will after his family was killed and he aimlessly wandered around. But in the end Will did abandon him.

Several years later he meets Will again only does he not seem to be same....

Notes

Hi,

I have no idea if it's good but I hope for the best ;)

Thanks for reading ;)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

My Savior My Angel

Chapter 1 My Savior, My Angel

The pure white snow was thick, merciless falling.

The ice cold wind like a sharp knife, cutting his skin, as his legs got weak through the cold.

His vision blurred through those tired eyes which only wanted to shut.

His feet numb from the cold, sinking in the snow more and more with every step, daring to swallow him whole by every misstep.

His lungs burning and choking him.

Still he kept lost and hungry aimlessly walking for an unknown destination.

Yet he was so weak.

His body slowly failing him he could through his tired eyes make out a deep dark shadow he walked bravely towards without caring if it would be his saving or death.

He is trembling legs, staggered as he failed to keep himself up and he fell into this awful cold snow his pure white grave he presumed

A small smile on his blue lips as his eyes closed, greeting him with darkness.

As he opened his eyes he was surprised to feel warmth.

He was safe in a house with the smell of food in the air.

For a second he thought he would dream or hallucinate as he died in the snow but it felt too real.

He looked around finding himself tucked in a soft bed, his wounds tended and somehow he even though he felt confused and dizzy far better than he should, a strange sweet taste on the tip of his tongue.

He wanted to stand up and leave the house when he heard soft foot steps and for the first time in his life an angel smiled back at him.

A young man stood before him, dark curls falling in his face, flawless, smooth, fair skin and the deepest

most beautiful blue eyes he had ever seen. His red lips grazed a gentle smile.

“ I see you're awake “ he spoke softly “ How are you feeling ? “

He was still too dazed to answer biting his lips, not answering.

A soft laughter escaped the angel.

He turned around left the room only to appear shortly again with a plate in his hand.

The angel smiled again, setting it down on the nightstand beside the bed and sat down on chair near him but not too close.

The food looked plenty and delicious but he still eyed it suspicious.

Though he thought he had met an angel he couldn't trust him.

What if it was poisoned or he was like those monsters which invaded his house.

Tears filled his eyes at thought and the last sight of his beloved sister.

“ It's not poisoned “ the young man stated. “ It will give you strength “

He still looked at it not sure if he should touch it or not.

“ I could feed you “ the angel suddenly said.

A light blush grazed his cheeks and he sighed defeated taking the plate thinking if it would be poisoned he would die and if he would starve himself to death he would die anyway so he tried it surprised how tasty it was, especially the tender flesh, he never tasted anything like this.

The angel kept watching him till he began to speak up again.

“ You have been through a lot, haven't you ? “

He stop eating, suddenly feeling anger, hate and deep sadness boiling in him.

“ Th...Those m..monsters killed my whole family ! They took everything ! “ he exclaimed with a voice he had no idea how he had found it, hot salty tears running down his cheeks.

The angel stood up coming closer, a sad smile on his lips, as those blue eyes seemed to reflect and being drown in his sadness. It looked like his heart was as broken as his.

He cupped his cheeks with ice cold hands, yet he didn't wanted to pull away feeling soothed by the soft touch, thumps gently wiping his tears away.

Then he was pulled into tight hug, his face buried in chest of his savior, he hung tighter on him as a gentle hand combed through his hair.

He closed his eyes and kept crying, not even really bothering about the stranger anymore.

“ It's okay to cry. “ he said soothing “ You will destroy those monsters soon enough “

He stopped crying at that and looked up.

“ I'm Will. What is your name, my prince of revenge “

He couldn't stop the smile

“ Hannibal...Hannibal Lecter. “

Hannibal woke up with tears in his eyes.

“ Will “ he mumbled, before wiping away the tears getting up.

He did his every day routine, made his breakfast and sat on his dinning-table.

Afterwards he saw a few patients and got home.

In the evening a man named Jack Crawford called him.

He was from the FBI and did want him to psychoanalyze one of his best agents.

For a second he wanted to decline but agreed to see this agent anyway.

If the FBI would suspect him, he would find a away to shatter any suspicion against him and point the evidences to someone else, he already had Doctor Frederick Chilton in mind for this and if not he would find out how far FBI was with their investigations.

And maybe the new agent could entertain him for sometime, even for a short time freeing him out of his boredom.

After the call he thought of hunting especially for this gifted agent a pig down but decided to meet him first and if he was even worth of his time.

So he sat in his library with a glass blood red wine holding it up.

“ Cheers Will “ he said into the silence “ In the end you did abandone me. “

Chapter 2 Painful Reunion

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry for the long wait but here is finally the next chapter 🥹
I hope u like and enjoy it 😊

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Chapter 2 Painful Reunion

Without any expectations he made his way to office of Jack Crawford.

His blood froze and his heart stopped when he saw for the first time his new patient and opponent.

He could have never mistaken him, his angel.

Though he dressed himself differently, less elegant in clothes which didn't suit him the least hiding all this beauty, his angelic features but all the more those beautiful cerulean eyes though hidden by those unforgiving glasses were still as shining, magical as in his memories.

He may have changed a few things about him but this unique scent, the way he bit his lips, frowned and let out a little laugh when he was angry as every little detail in his movements he couldn't change and he knew them all too well.

As he kept just watching him, everything else becoming unimportant, vanishing, he couldn't hear or see anything but Will in this moment being drawn back to the time when they were together and he the happiest.

Becoming again the lonely little boy who fell in love with his savior and angel.

A lonely monster which was nothing but beautiful and divine for him.

But in the end left him alone, breaking his heart in thousand pieces.

He should hate him, be angry, wanting to kill him, cut his heart out for breaking his black heart and devour it as he would consume every little piece of him till not even a single blood drop would be left of him.

Yet he felt relieved finding nourishment only at sight of him which was denied him so long.

The only questions circulating in his head

Why did you leave me behind ? Did you suffer ? Have you missed me even a bit ? Have you looked for me ? Did you come back for me ?

As he hoped for any sign of recognition, nervousness, sadness even fear to see that he indeed did recognize him.

But he didn't find anything, a pain in his chest.

“ Why are you staring ? “ Will asked, angry, pulling him out of his thoughts.

He smiled “ Not found of eye contact ? “

Will looked away biting his ruby lips “ No “ he mumbled.

“ Why is that so ? “ he asked curious about Will's reaction a new one he didn't know yet.

“ Seeing too much...seeing not enough “ he replied uncomfortable.

Did he really not recognize him or couldn't he even bear looking at him.

Did he hate him so much ?, he asked himself, ignoring the painful beat of his heart he wanted to stop in moment. Hiding his hurt behind his perfect mask only Will knew the real face behind.

“ Is it making you uncomfortable not to see enough or seeing the true nature of the people you rather would stay ignorant to ? “

His angel turned to him, judging by his expression he did hit the bull's eyes and he seemed uncomfortable, nervous, angry maybe a little frightened or confused.

“ Which profile are you working on ? “ he asked him, but turned to Jack.

“ Which profile is he working on ? “

Jack sighed “ Will- “

“ Oh my God, it's mine, isn't it ? He is working on my profile ? “ he outraged, rolling with his eyes.

“ Stay calm. This is- “

He extended a hand “ Hannibal Lecter. Please call me Hannibal, Will “ he cut Jack off who seemed the least pleased about it. But he couldn't be careless in this moment.

Will seemed to calm down as his features softened but refrained from taking his hand.

“ Doctor Lecter, let me make myself clear I don't like it being psychoanalyzed and you won't like me when I'm being analyzed. “ he hissed, pure venom in his voice.

For that it was already too late, he already loved him.

He let his hand fall to the side “ I already find myself interested in you, Will . “ he stated calmly putting Will and Jack alike of balance.

His angel huffed a laugh “ Too bad, I don't find you interesting. “ he made himself clear.

He couldn't help the smirk “ Oh, you will “

“ I doubt that “ Will replied and for a moment their eyes met, really met and just for this fraction time seemed frozen.

Jack, who was already forgotten cleared his throat “ Good, now with that being cleared you should go back to work, Will. And Doctor Lecter I think we should clear the details then. “ he stated, clearly confused.

Will nodded walked to the door but stopped at the door frame turning to him.

“ Goodbye, Doctor Lecter “ he said, walking out.

The goodbye he never heard when he was abandoned. He fought the urge to go after him, holding him tight so he would vanish from his side again and turned his attention to Jack though he couldn't stop the fear creeping in his mind.

He had kept talking with Jack about unimportant things he couldn't be more careless about as finally was able to leave, looking around for Will but was disappointed.

In the silent of his far too lonely house, he did think about the events of the day and asked himself if Will really saw him as stranger or just concealed the fact before Jack.

As long as this eyesore was around he wouldn't be able to find it out.

But luckily as his new psychiatrist he had lots of opportunities to meet Will alone in his office maybe he could find the answers to his questions.

Indeed, the cards were new mixed, this time he was not the little boy who ran after his angel he fell in love with. This time he was a man just as dangerous as his beloved, an equal to him who would be able to capture him, who would get him back even if he had to chain him to his bed.

Yeah, he was different now, the only thing which didn't changed was this feeling in his heart and the power Will still have had over him also the question he never dared to ask him and still echoed in his heart.

Do you love me ?

Thank u so much for reading 

The next chapter will be longer 

Look forward to the next chapter 

End Notes

Thanks for reading :)

The next chapter will follow soon.

I hope you liked it.

Comments are always appreciated ;)

Thank you so much ;)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!